

NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD, Editor.

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OLIVER JOHNSON, PRINTER.

Temperance.

From the Wilmington Temperance Standard.

TO GEORGE F. WHITE, OF NEW-YORK.

LETTER V.

"And the Lord spake unto Aaron, saying: 'Do not drink wine strong drink; thou nor thy sons with thee; when ye go into the tabernacle of the congregation, lest ye die;—that ye may put off the tabernacle of the holiness and uncleanness, and between clean and unclean.'—Leviticus 10th chap., v. 10, 11.

RESPECTED FRIEND:—That the ancients had at least two kinds of wine, is evident from the simple fact, that the expressed juice of the grape is entirely changed by fermentation, and acquires qualities directly opposite to those which it had possessed previous to that process. Most of us are familiar with that process. Most of us are familiar with the changes that take place in the expressed juice of the apple. It contains nothing when freshly expressed, which did not before exist in the fruit. So of new wine. It is impossible that new wine should intoxicate. It cannot contain a particle of the intoxicating principle. It is a wholesome and a nourishing drink—incorparably more so than the juice of the apple.

But all its qualities are changed by fermentation. The sugar of the grape is decomposed and converted into alcohol. It is no longer the "fruit of the vine," but the fruit of fermentation. The nutritious quality of the wine is entirely destroyed. It now stimulates and irritates the surface of the stomach. It does not quench thirst, but rather increases it. It resists the process of digestion. Its nutritious particles are absorbed, and carried into the blood. They circulate through every portion of the body, diffusing their noxious influence in their whole course. They excite undue action in the heart, liver, brain, and the various organs. Such is the invariable effect of fermented wine on the healthy body.

That both these kinds of wine were used by the ancients, we have ample evidence. The pages of the Bible abound with melancholy proofs of the use and effects of fermented wine. The names of Noah and Lot, and Armon and Elah, present familiar examples. All the drunkenness referred to in the scriptures, and against which the solemn denunciation of Holy Writ were given forth, proceeded from the use of fermented wine. Indeed, nearly all the intemperance which has afflicted the world from the earliest ages, until a very recent period, when the art of distillation was discovered, was the result of wine, made chiefly from grapes and from the juice of the palm tree.

That unfermented wine also was used as a drink in former times, would seem to require no proof. We learn, from both sacred and profane history, that a high value was attached to it. The Pharaohs of Egypt, who had at their command the luxuries of the world, appear to have given them the preference, as we may infer from the dream of the chief butler: "I took the grapes and pressed them into Pharaoh's cup." Among the ancients this kind of wine was in high repute. It was often boiled down to the consistence of honey, in order to preserve it without fermentation. In this form, it is extensively used at the present day in the eastern countries. Thus prepared, it may be kept for any length of time, free from intoxicating or injurious qualities.

In drawing from the Bible a defense of the use of intoxicating wine, it must be proved that intoxicating wine is the kind referred to in the texts that are cited. This is palpable. Without such proof the defense falls to the ground.

This brought forth a rejoinder from the Savannah Georgian:

So far from deducing from this failure at Timon, the idea that the South had nothing to fear from East India rivalry, we distinctly said, as the Republican will see by turning to our article, that we did believe, that it would ultimately suffer largely from the interference; but that at present, the East could not compete with the United States, and that the word "white" in it. He said he saw by the New Age Extra, that the Suffrage Convention was ridiculed, some as selling beer, and otherwise, [Mr. Pearce.—That you can't help.] But I would not give cause for ridicule, and if you send forth a Constitution with the word "white" in it, there would be cause enough for ridicule.

Mr. Cook said, THAT HIS CONSTITUENTS WOULD GO TO A MAN, AGAINST ANY CONSTITUTION CONTAINING THE WORD "WHITE" IN IT. He said he saw by the New Age Extra, that the Suffrage Convention was ridiculed, some as selling beer, and otherwise, [Mr. Pearce.—That you can't help.] But I would not give cause for ridicule, and if you send forth a Constitution with the word "white" in it, there would be cause enough for ridicule.

Mr. Dorr said he was bound to believe the assertions of members relative to the feelings of their constituents, because he could not contradict them by any proof. He thought they had taken counsel of their fears in their conclusions; for he did not think that the people of Rhode Island were so illiberal as they were represented. He had before heard that the people of Rhode Island were narrow and harsh in their prejudice, but he had invariably found them the reverse. This Constitution was not democratic, in the broadest sense of the word, but he would not take up time in showing it; it was a matter of expediency, and as such, its adoption must be considered. The Convention would be inconsistent with their former declarations, with their bill of rights just adopted—and would diverge from the great principles acted out by Roger Williams. He alluded to the colored soldiers of the Revolution, their bravery and patriotism. He insisted slave States which had admitted all free men to the right of voting. Mr. Dorr concluded with some eloquent remarks upon the great principles involved in this question.

The Convention was called by ayes and noes, and there appeared 18 for the amendment, and 46 against it.

THE RAJAH OF SATTARA.

A meeting was held at the Royal Exchange, for the purpose of bringing the claims of British India, and the deposed Rajah of Sattara before the public. The attendance was, as usual, large.

Mr. Richard Allen, who said the more he reflected on the question of British India, the more he felt convinced of the vast importance it was to have her pressing claims attended to. The power of steam was bringing her even nearer to us, as was the distance which separated the two countries.—Some said "we had enough to do at home;" but he asked emphatically, to whom was India to look, if not to those who had subjugated her? What was her position? A vast, insignificant, but suffering country, a hundred millions of people acknowledging the sway of Britain, and yet the vast masses had not a single representative to press their claims in the British House of Commons. On the proved grounds of philanthropy and humanity, then, it was our duty to call for such amelioration of their condition, as they had a right to demand at the hands of the British and Irish people. (hear.) But there were other and more cogent reasons why we should seek for justice for India. Our manufactures were flagging—the spoke of England as well as Ireland. The continental powers are rapidly turning their attention to manufacture, to employ their own people. There were, in consequence of this and other causes, vast numbers suffering from that want attendant on the stagnation of trade. How were they to be again set to work? He pointed to India! India with her hundred millions, longing to be clothed in our manufactures, if we would give them an opportunity of their being so, by removing that grinding system which robbed them of all. (hear.) Foremost in that system stood the land tax, which grievously oppressed the industry, by too often making the industry of the peasant the means of his taxation, from the crop being in many places valued after being put into the ground, and that at so exorbitant a rate, that the poor cultivator had little or nothing left to himself. And what had been the result of this? Why, that large portions of the fertile lands of India had become the abode of the tiger and the jackal, while the poor natives who once possessed them had

been driven away by the want of food.

Mr. Abner D. Jones, assistant Missionary among the Choctaw Indians, and under the direction of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, in the city of Troy, N. Y. August 20th, 1841, made the following statements:

The Cherokee, Creek, and Choctaw tribes of Indians are many of them slaveholders, and treat their negroes as slaves, and will not suffer any Missionary to publicly preach against slavery! That slaveholders are received into the mission churches, and that the Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian and Congregational missionaries, among those tribes, are *unanimous*, so far as he is acquainted, in sustaining slaveholders as Christian brethren in the churches! That they (the missionaries) neither preach against this practice, nor use means to put it out of the church. That almost all the missionaries either own or hire slaves of their masters to work, and pay the masters for their services! That he has been obliged in cases of sickness, to do it himself. That the Rev. Mr. Mason, a Baptist missionary, was obliged to leave the country, because he would oppose slavery! (Rev. Mr. Bell, left, I suppose, on the same account.) That Rev. Mr. Hatch and wife, Baptist missionaries among the Choctaws, left because they could not conscientiously sustain slavery. That Rev. Mr. Fleming and Rev. Mr. Dodge, D. D. missionaries of the American Board, left on the same account. That the Rev. Mr. Potts, Baptist missionary among the Choctaws, either owns or hires slaves of their masters; that he is open and public in this, and all understand that he sustains slavery. Receives slaveholders into the church as good, pious Christians!—That Rev. Mr. Ferry, a Methodist missionary among the Choctaws, owns a number of slaves, and treats them as such; and that he *shot and killed a white man*, whom he supposed was stealing one of his slaves; and that Rev. Mr. P. is in full fellowship with the other missionaries! That he (Mr. Jones) has received the communion service from his hands.

Mr. Jones made many other statements, that show conclusively that the Methodist, Baptist and Congregational missionaries, among those tribes of Indians, sustain and uphold negro slavery; and that the missions among the Cherokee, Creek, and Choctaw Indians may be truly called slaveholding missions.

Even Mr. Jones himself, who professes to abhor slavery, quoted the example of the apostle Paul as fully sustaining the missionary brethren! Thus slav-

ishly compelled to enter briefly into it. However, he might be brief, as the subject had been pretty fully

discussed in that room on a former occasion. The

matter had been made the subject of a lengthened

debate in the India House, in which the talented

and philanthropic George Thompson, nobly seconded

by Sir Charles Forbes, John Poynder, Esq. and a

number of other gentlemen of high character, pro-

ponents of India stock, had impeached the conduct

of the authorities of India, and the dethronement

of the Rajah, and the East India Company for

sancioning it. It appears the Ex-Rajah had for a

great many years been a firm ally of the British; but

he had at length been accused of a conspiracy.

He had nobly repudiated the idea, and finally was of

offered continued possession of his kingdom if he would

sign an acknowledgment of his guilt. This he firmly

refused to do, and in consequence was dragged

out of his palace at the dead of night, and with a

few attendants, his head officers—one of whom died

on the journey, partly from the hardships he under-

went—brought a distance of eight hundred miles, to

Banaras, while an usurper, in the shape of his bro-

ther, was set up in his stead. His innocence had

been testified to by numbers of the official servants

of the East India Company. Mr. Allen then moved

the following resolution, which was seconded by Mr.

Haughton, and unanimously agreed to:

That this meeting views with indignation the

unjust treatment of the Rajah of Sattara by the

East India Company; that it sympathizes with his

wrongs, and demands for him, at the hands of the

East India Company, or of the British Parliament,

a full measure of redress; and that it respectfully

offers to George Thompson, Esq. and the other East

India proprietors who supported him, its tribute of

thanks for their noble vindication, in this cause of

the outraged laws of justice and of national honor" (loud cheers).

The speaker concluded by observing, that although

he hardly hoped for justice to the Rajah, yet he trust-

ed the public voice would be so heard, that the East

India Company would avoid such acts in future. (cheers.)

DAVID LEE CHILD, Assistant Editor.

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COMMERCE OF BRITISH INDIA.

Of Virginia, £551,140 sterling.
New England States, 561,000 "
New York, 189,000 "
Pennsylvania, 400,000 "
South Carolina, 555,000 "

The exports were in about the same proportion: Virginia exporting nearly four times as much as New-York; and South Carolina nearly twice as much as New-York and Pennsylvania together; and five times as much as all the New England States united.

The same relative proportion of imports is preserved until the adoption of the Federal Constitution, when we find them to be, in the year 1791, as follows:

Of New-York, \$2,222,000
Virginia, 2,486,000
South Carolina, 1,520,000

There are no data to show the imports into the several States from the year 1791 to 1820, but the general fact may be assumed, that the import trade of New-York and other northern States has been constantly progressing, while that of Virginia and South Carolina has been regularly diminished. From 1820 to the present time, we have sufficient data, and they exhibit the following as the state of the import trade:

Year	New-York	Virginia	South Carolina
1821	\$189,000,000	\$1,075,000	\$29,000
1822	25,000,000	651,000	2,000,000
1823	29,000,000	651,000	2,000,000
1824	36,000,000	639,000	2,400,000
1825	33,000,000	533,000	2,100,000
1827	39,000,000	431,000	1,800,000
1829	43,000,000	375,000	1,240,000
1832	57,000,000	506,000	1,913,000

Thus there were men in the Convention, who had yielded principle on many points, to matters of expediency, and they diverged from the true objects of the suffrage cause. If the blacks should be rejected, and the Constitution be defeated in consequence, what man among them could hold up his head? It would be an inglorious defeat—because of abandonment of principle.

Then enemies were looking to this subject, and to their own interests; they anticipate that on this rock they would split. Those enemies had endeavored to sow dissensions among them, on this ground: to look at the articles written by one "Town Born," for instance. Though they had denied the blacks a right of voting, in one instance, yet they could not deny them the rights of voting for the Constitution, without acting inconsistently with their own declaration, in a manner that every one would discover, and hold up against them. And should they be defeated, they would themselves be the cause of what they would plant the dagger in their own bosom. If they were so defeated, it would be an end of them.

On motion of Mr. Spencer, it was voted, that no member speak more than fifteen minutes on any question.

Mr. Cook said he hoped that this discussion upon it should not be gagged.

Col. Wales said that he wished to say something on this grave and important subject, without having any gag put upon the free discussion of it. He said that if any one could frame a decent argument for the exclusion, he wished to hear it. He did not know what right they had to form a Constitution enfranchising one part of their fellow-citizens, and disfranchising another. They were black—but how came they so? Did they choose their complexion? When they came into the world? They were brought into existence arbitrarily, and ought not to be classed among criminals and malefactors, as worthy the right of suffrage. It was enough for him that they were men, and American citizens.

Mr. Spencer would be glad to strike out the word "white," but he knew it would be contrary to the wishes of his constituents. He did not know what the principles of suffrage associations in other places were, but his constituents did not consider them bound by the declarations of others.

Mr. Stedman spoke in favor of the amendment. He was for amending the bill of rights, so that it might read, "every white man is created equal," if the word "white" was suffered to remain in this part of the Constitution. He did not see why this Convention should enfranchise one class of citizens and disfranchise others, as good as themselves. He knew many blacks, of as good, or better moral character, than many of the whites.

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very destroys the sight of even missionaries of the cross of Christ.

The men who have in charge the missionary treasury keep as far as possible, these innocent crimes of robbery, theft, and murder out of the sight of the dear brethren who so freely give their money to spread the gospel. They do this, that they may not offend slaveholders. One reason for this conclusion, (or what some may call slander,) may be seen by a simple statement of facts. In the Baptist church, there are over 125,000 members that are slaves, and not more than 10 or 12,000 slaveholders; but this latter class have all the money—therefore, our Boards are very careful to keep peace with the masters, even though the slaves are crushed to death. They (the slaves) are not good for any thing—they have no money.

I would suggest the propriety of sending out a missionary to labor for the conversion of the missionaries among the Indians in the Southwest. It would need a man or woman of considerable faith, as they would perhaps mistrust that a negro-visitor had come among them; and the Rev. Mr. Perry might be appointed to shoot the fanatic, especially if he should be found among his negroes!

But I cease, lest you get your office destroyed again, and the *Rev. Editor* of the (Boston anti-Baptist) *Christian Watchman* pronounces you to be 'equally culpable with the mob,' as he did in 1835, when you dared to rebuke men of 'property' (who were) standing upon the necks of the slaves.

'My heart is pained, my soul is sick.' May God have mercy upon northern ministers, who are not satisfied to have the heathen rob the poor but must send missionaries to teach them that God approves their crimes!

As ever, your brother in Christ,

ABEL BROWN.

REMOND IN IRELAND.

Extracts from a letter, by Richard D. Webb, to the Liberator.

KILHEE, County Clare, on shores of Atlantic, 8th mo. 28th, 1841.

MY DEAR GARRISON:

On the 15th, Remond arrived from Wexford, and lectured in half an hour after his arrival, in the Town Hall, a large and elegant room which was freely granted for the purpose. Before he came, no advertisements had been distributed, announcement made in the meeting-houses of several dissenting congregations, and the room prepared. Now, as Waterford, a city of about 30,000 inhabitants, has the reputation of being a somewhat apathetic place, where but few have ever before felt much interest in the anti-slavery cause, judge of our pleasure to find the room filled with all sorts of people, including a large proportion of ladies, so that the bright gas and the brighter faces formed a prospect altogether delightful to behold. Our friend acquitted himself to admiration; and as to the admiration, he got plenty of it. I don't think that, after lecture, all the professors of divinity and physiology, in all your southern colleges, could have convinced the good people of the 'ubs intacta,' that Remond belongs to any other race than that which is declared to be only 'a little lower than the angels, crowned with glory and honor.' Or if he be, what a celestial company of it. I don't think that, after lecture, all the professors of divinity and physiology, in all your southern colleges, could have convinced the good people of the 'ubs intacta,' that Remond belongs to any other race than that which is declared to be only 'a little lower than the angels, crowned with glory and honor.'

It is not to be the admiration, he got plenty of it. I don't think that, after lecture, all the professors of divinity and physiology, in all your southern colleges, could have convinced the good people of the 'ubs intacta,' that Remond belongs to any other race than that which is declared to be only 'a little lower than the angels, crowned with glory and honor.' Or if he be, what a celestial company of it. I don't think that, after lecture, all the professors of divinity and physiology, in all your southern colleges, could have convinced the good people of the 'ubs intacta,' that Remond belongs to any other race than that which is declared to be only 'a little lower than the angels, crowned with glory and honor.'

Remond lodged with myself and family at the house of a near relation of mine, who did every thing that could be done to make his stay agreeable. We made several excursions to the beautiful marine scenery in the neighborhood, Tramore, Garryrash, and Dunmore; and the wild rocks and thunder-splintered pinnacles of the various islands will be in future associated in our minds with the eloquent young stranger who came amongst us pleading with such impressive energy in behalf of outraged humanity in your 'free country.' Before he came to Waterford, there were many reports there before him, which threw difficulties in his way. His independent position, the fact of his not being connected with the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, and of his being a member of the American Society, and a friend of Garrison and his friends, were unfavorable circumstances in the eyes of some high professors. He, as well as some other 'pestilential felons,' were famed as a seter forth of strange doctrines—women's rights—non-resistance—and other yet more terrible heresies. Many worthy people, however, found, on acquaintance with him, that there was no occasion for all this apprehension.

They discovered him to be a modest, yet fearless defender of his own opinions, and that none of them were at all soul-destroying. They found him just towards all, judicious, unobtrusive—yet unsparing in his fidelity to the great cause he had espoused, and to its uncompromising advocates. I don't think he could be tempted, by fear or favor, to hold back from proclaiming the claims to the gratitude of the colored man, and the respect and sympathy of every true lover of justice and liberty.

Some who refused to lend him aid and assistance before he arrived, were so changed in their feelings by what they saw in public and private, that they volunteered aid and courtesy in the kindest manner, and were profuse in their hospitality. Some few high professors held back entirely, but I heard of no active opposition from any one of these. 'To your tents, O Israel,' is a common cry amongst sects, both great and small. It gratifies a man's vanity to think that he belongs to some extremely minute section of mankind; and the smaller the better—set apart by the Most High for the reception of his special gifts and favors. We consider that such a man has no time for the slave, or the assertion of his rights—these are extraneous topics—charity begins at home—he must take care of himself, and of the highly favored society that may happen to own him. Such people give practical evidence of their belief, that 'Truth lies in a nut-shell.'

Remond has lost no proper opportunity of setting forth the shortcomings of the American churches on the subject of slavery; and as a necessary result, considerable soreness has been evinced wherever he has been. People cannot or will not see, that the greatest blow that their version of Christianity can receive, must come from the arm of him who disengages every thing that is worth the name of religion, by countenancing or committing the sin of slavery. No greater kindness can be shown to any church, than to point out to them the causes which lower the fair name of their opinions, and obstruct their progress in the hearts and consciences of their members.

Remond has gone in Ireland, his course has been a triumphant one. He has been well treated and well heard. He has excited great attention, and considerable regard to the anti-slavery cause. No one has ever yet done more as a lecturer in Ireland, in behalf of your efforts in America. He will be long remembered, and the seeds he has scattered must bear an abundant harvest of good fruits. He has been assisted from place to place, by anti-slavery friends, without the necessity of any public application; and I hope he may be enabled to leave Ireland not poorer, if not much richer, than he was when he landed on 'our dear little island.'

The colored race have a most creditable representative in Remond. His eloquence, his demeanor, and the discretion with which he moves, are all calculated to make a most favorable impression—and they have done so effectually. I am glad that I have had such an excellent opportunity of marking his acquaintance; and all I have yet seen has confirmed the testimony of some of the best friends of the anti-slavery cause in England and Scotland, who know him well, and have seen him tested by very trying circumstances.

From the Liberator.

THE THIRD POLITICAL PARTY.

It is obvious that the third party movement has obtained a considerable increase of friends among the abolitionists; but we do not believe that a majority of them, throughout the country, regard it as a favorable eye. In this opinion, however, we may be mistaken. We should be more impressed by this increase, if we were satisfied that it has been the growth of principle, instead of the love of human adventure. There is something to the mind of political adventure; that he could go to Kentucky and have a hearing there. 'You,' meaning Hudson, Johnson,

by becoming politicians, it is to be expected that they will feel no reluctance, but something of enthusiasm, in plunging up to their very necks in the mire of politics.

We admit that the mode of political action to be pursued by abolitionists, is not strictly a question of principle, but rather one of sound expediency. We have never opposed the formation of a third party as a measure inherently wrong, but have always contended that the abolitionists have as clear and indisputable a right to band themselves together politically for the attainment of their great object, as those of our fellow-citizens who call themselves whigs or democrats. It is for every abolitionist, who uses the elective franchise, to be fully persuaded in his own mind, and to cast his vote in a fearless and independent manner, let who will censure or applaud his decision. 'To his own master, he stands or falls.' But every reflecting mind may easily perceive, that to disregard the dictates of sound expediency may often prove as injurious to an enterprise as to violate principle. It is solely on this ground that we oppose what is called the 'liberty-party.' We believe it is highly inexpedient, and therefore not the best mode to advance the anti-slavery cause. The rash, precipitate, almost frantic manner in which it was formed, early excited our distrust as to the disinterestedness of the movement; and though we are not disposed to question the honesty of many who support it, it still remain to be convinced that its tendency is good. In our judgment, it is based upon a very gross error. It assumes that the northern whig and democratic parties, as such, are indissolubly wedded to slavery, and, therefore, that it is delusive to suppose that they will ever be induced to espouse the anti-slavery cause. Now if the people that compose those parties at the North cannot be converted by moral suasion, it is perfectly plain that the third party will for ever constitute a most insignificant minority, and thus fail to accomplish its object. If they can be, then this new party is as needless as a fifth wheel to a coach. We believe they can be thus converted, and that they will seize the earliest opportunity (i. e. in the political game of chess) to break their present alliance with southern task-masters; hence that the third party is needless.

We take very little interest in the papers which are devoted to the advocacy of 'independent nominations.' The scramble for the leaves and fishes of office, now going on among professed abolitionists, (ostensibly for the promotion of the anti-slavery cause) is a spectacle which we do not contemplate with pleasure. Formerly, we solemnly averred that it was not their intention to organize a distinct political party, and that they neither sought the honors and emoluments of political preferment, nor desired to possess them. Their position was then full of moral sublimity. What is it now?

RUNAWAY SLAVES.

The following is an extract from a letter from J. Miller K. Kim, a lecturer in the anti-slavery cause, dated Bellferte, Pa. Aug. 26, 1841.

There is one branch of the anti-slavery movement, as I think it may justly regard, which is making remarkable progress this State, and that is the self-emancipating department. I have been surprised at the number of 'fugitives' from injustice, who are continually passing through the central part of the State, on their way to the North: and at the deep interest manifested by the inhabitants, in their success and safety. In one town, the name of which for obvious reasons I need not mention, a short time before I came there, a family composed of a mother and seven or eight children, had recently sought refuge on their way to the land of freedom. They were closely pursued, and it was only by the most active vigilance, and much risk of detection on the part of the inhabitants, that they were saved. For the purpose of putting them safe beyond the power of their pursuers, five individuals contributed a sum of about sixty-five dollars out of their own pockets.

In another town where I had occasion to stop, and where our cause is but little understood, a band of seven on their way to Canada, had stopped for rest, but a few days previous. My informant told me that they were among the finest looking men he had ever seen. They were intelligent, and apparently sincerely religious. Their flight seemed to have been the result of much premeditation and preparation. Each man had a pistol and dirk, and they all expressed their determination to die, rather than to be taken back. It is not difficult to understand how they could be 'sincerely religious,' and at the same time, under the popular error, that violence in self-defence and for the sake of liberty, is justifiable.

In another place, a village named Newport, had not far off the route to this place, quite a scene had taken place a short time before I came along. Three men claimed as slaves were apprehended somewhere near, and their claimants were carrying them back to the South, when one of them, whether determined to destroy himself rather than return to slavery, or in a vain effort to escape, does not appear, but for some reason jumped into the canal and was drowned. This so awaked the sympathies of the people of Newport, and their indignation against the slaveholders, that they, although always before bitterly opposed to abolition, came out and rescued the remaining two and set them free. Suits, it is said, have been commenced by the slaveholders against some of the persons engaged in the rescue.

You see from these facts, that there is a spirit among the slaves themselves that is helping on the work of emancipation. A young man in Carlisle said to me, 'Give me seven or eight dollars, and I will colonize as many slaves as Mr. Pinney can with so many hundred.' And so I suppose he could, and more justly, in a shorter time, and more happily for the slave.

From Dr. Channing's Letter of 1837.

A WORD TO ABOLITIONISTS.

They, who found their efforts against oppression on every man's near relation to God, on every man's participation of a moral and immortal nature, cannot, without singular inconsistency, grow fierce against the many in their zeal for a few. From a body, founded on such a principle, ought to come forth more enlightened friends of the race, more enlarged philanthropists, than have yet been trained.

Guard from dishonor the divine truth, which you have espoused as your creed and your rule. Show forth its celestial purity, in your freedom from unworthy passions. Prove it to be from God, by serene trust in His Providence, by fearless obedience of His will, by imitating His impartial justice and His universal love.'

From the Pennsylvania Freeman.

INDIANA YEARLY MEETING.

For the satisfaction of those of our readers who may be interested in the proceedings of the above named body, we copy an extract of a private letter to a friend in this city, dated Richmond, Tenn. mo. 1st.

G. F. White has done nearly all the preaching. Some of his discourses have been good, and satisfactory to all—abolitionists included—whilst others have been in the usual style—raving and railing.

The 'Green Plain disclaimer' called out an animated discussion, and the general expression was in condemnation of it. A committee was appointed to visit that quarterly meeting, but it was expressly understood that it was *not* with a view to dealing with the alleged offenders, in order to ultimate disownment if they should not recede from their position. Some suggested that such ought to be the course, but members of the committee dissented, and said they could not serve if any such design was entertained. Hannah P. Wilson has sent in a writing expressing her sorrow that she signed the protest. All the rest stand firm, and it is believed will stand firm to the end, even should that be done.

It was proposed that, to the minute about the disclaimer, a note should be appended, stating that Hannah had made a satisfactory acknowledgment in regard to her participation in it. One or two thought it would be out of order to do so; but one after another, and yet another, united with it, until it seemed to be the voice of the great body of the meeting. Whereupon, James Haviland, Mr. B. the superintendent, a Presbyterian minister, preached a sermon in defense of the peculiar institution of his southern patrons. Noble specimens of female gentility and heroism! and of the spirit of Christ.

In this place I had an interview with a gentleman from Louisville, Ky. of intelligence and respectability, on the subject of slavery. He told me he was opposed to slavery, on the ground of political economy. He had frequently demonstrated to the slaveholders the evils of their system, in a fiscal point of view. 1. That they met with an average loss of 20 per cent. in their slave property, by food and clothing—20 per cent. in old age—20 per cent. in sickness and doctors' bills, and 20 per cent. more in deaths, (saying nothing of their losses in runaways, and the time and expense in attempting to recover them) leaving only 20 per cent. for use;—then, in case they had left, making 40 per cent—by which they could not possibly support themselves, and their servants, and car-

riages, and expensive journeys, only on their credit and just laws. Quite a lengthy discussion arose, however, on the subject; in which Isaac Pierce, Jacob Heaton and C. C. Burleigh participated. At 4 o'clock, P. M. a large audience gathered in the court-house, to hear a lecture from C. C. B. on a subject which had been given him by several of the citizens, as the theme of his discourse, to wit: 'Our Country and its Destiny.' It was exceedingly interesting, impressive, and eloquent. Some thought it quite revolutionary; because the doctrine, if carried out, would turn over the tables of slaveholders, aristocrats, speculators, ministers, churches, and the trading community, who live to eat and drink, to buy and sell, and to get great gain, power, and worldly honors.

The doctrine set forth by brother B. was, that all men should look upon their fellow-men as equals in rights, and 'love their neighbors as themselves'; to live the fulfillment of the prophecy, he shall 'overturn, and overturn, until He reigns whose right is it?' live for that which men now pretend to pray—but which we have too much reason to believe—hypocritically. Professors of religion pray that that time may come, every time they pray, 'Let thy kingdom come!—but when they have their duty set before them to live out their prayer, and whenever they see any indications of an overturning—especially if their own favorite table is in danger—then turn pale, and cry out, 'revolutionary!' 'Like the man behind the stone wall, praying that the stone wall might fall on him, if he had stood; when some passer-by hearing him, pushed the wall on to him, he thought it very strange the Lord should take in earnest, all a poor sinner said in jest.' Thus with professors of religion: in a majority of cases, when they see their form of prayer—'Let thy kingdom come!'—is in danger of being answered, they beg to be excused, and plead off—'Not now, not now!' This discourse I intend to write out, and publish, with Charles' help.

Seventh day, 18th, brother Burleigh went to Hanover, to lecture in the afternoon and evening, and I went to Salem, where I lectured in the Methodist house, to a full audience. The meetings in both places were quite large and attentive.

First day, 19th, we met in Marlboro, and held a meeting in the afternoon and evening, in the Friends' meeting-house. A large audience had gathered, and were waiting for us. Charles Burleigh addressed both meetings, on the system of slavery—its entire inconsistency with the principles of Christianity—and the duty of all act in accordance with the dictates of our natural motions, 'What she makes us mourn, she bids us heal?'—

3. Resolved, That the church and ministry of the free States are emphatically responsible and guilty for the condition of 'America slaves'—a system which John Wesley justly calls 'the vilest that ever saw the sun'; because while professing to be the Church and ministry of Christ, the 'light of the world,' and 'salt of the earth,' and professing, to a great extent, perhaps greater than any other class, the power of moulding public sentiment, they at the same time hold slaves, apologize for slaveholding, and live in full fellowship and communion with this 'wicked and adulterous system.'

4. Resolved, That those men called ministers, and those organized bodies called churches, that apologize for slavery, and condemn abolition—that exclude the cause of suffering humanity from their houses of worship, while they admit slaveholders and their advocates, ought not to be recognized as the ministers and churches of Christ;—inasmuch as they do not exhibit the spirit of Christ, and they who have not the spirit of Christ, are not of His.'

5. Resolved, That we regard the promulgation of Truth, as God's appointed means for the reformation of a sinful world, and for the banishment of every moral evil;—that in its divine power and efficacy, exerted for the correction of public sentiment, enlightening the minds and renewing the hearts of the people, so that they shall recognize their enslaved countrymen as brethren, and 'take away from the midst of them the yoke' of oppression, and 'the putting forth of the finger of prejudice,' is our only hope for the abolition of slavery; a hope of which we feel bound to seek the realization, by making ourselves willing instruments, in the hand of God, in extending the knowledge, and achieving the triumphs of this great cause.

These resolutions were advocated during the forenoon and afternoon sessions, before a respectable and attentive audience, by Charles Burleigh, in his usual eloquent and convincing manner, and myself—adducing numerous facts and arguments in their support, before many pro-slavery demagogues, who had been influenced to be present, in consequence of the flying report that the political question was to be discussed. At the discussion of the resolutions, they were adopted, unanimously. In the evening, the Convention held its session in the Seedeers' meeting-house. The attendance was quite large. The following *new resolutions* were presented, and eloquently and conclusively elucidated by Charles C. Burleigh, in an address of about two hours' length:

1. Resolved, That if the Declaration of Independence be not a lie; if there be any truth in what profound and learned jurists tell us, that 'law dwelleth in the bosom of God,' and that it is 'the perfection of human reason,' its purpose the maintenance of justice, the protection of rights, and the prevention or redress of wrongs; that 'no human laws are of any validity, if contrary to the laws of nature,' which 'dictated by God himself, is superior in obligation, to any other,' and gives to such human laws as are valid, all their force, and all their authority; that these laws are grounded upon the law of God; and can never bind us to do what it forbids; then it is impossible for any State or nation to frame a law for the reduction of any man to slavery, which he is morally or legally bound to obey; or for the empowering of one man to own another, which he has a moral or legal right to enforce.

2. Resolved, That the obedience which one man is morally or legally bound to render, no man has a moral or legal right to coerce; and that no man has a like right to assist in coercing; and therefore, the slave being under no obligation to obey the pretended law which requires him to be a slave; neither has the master any right, moral or legal, to hold him in slavery, or to bring him to that condition, if he shall escape from it.—Nor have the people of the free States any right, moral or legal, to assist such holding or bringing back.

In the support of these resolutions, brother Burleigh cited, at some length, the authorities of the most eminent jurists of England and America, and then proceeded to prove slavery to be contrary to the laws of nature and Holy Writ, and therefore illegal. He then took up the Declaration of Independence, to show the universal and inalienable rights of man, and the illegality of any law to take away those rights;—that the United States acknowledged the covenanted and truthfulness of that Declaration, and waged a seven years' war in defense of those principles,—that Massachusetts abolished all slavery in the State under their Bill of Rights; and in Virginia, and other States where the same Bill of Rights obtains, slavery exists only by illegal statutes, or a slaveholding public sentiment, which forbids a just and merciful expounding of the law. His argument was new and radical; and ought to be published and put into the hands of every legal man in the free States, that they may learn their quiet disturbed, which constitutes their stereotyped spirit.

Second day, 20th, we rode forty miles, over a rough and hilly road, in a cold and tempestuous rain-storm, to Mt. Vernon, in Xia County. When we arrived, found ourselves pretty thoroughly saturated with cold water. The storm was so severe, as to prevent a meeting. We were kindly received and entertained by the slave's friend, Edward Weed.

Fifth day, 23d, C. C. B. tarried at Mt. Vernon, and addressed a large audience in the evening, comprising many lawyers, who were in town attending Court; and received subscribers for the Standard, and donations for the American Anti-Slavery Society,—while I went to Greenville, in Licking County, and fulfilled our appointment there. Though the notice of the meeting was short, the audience was large, and attentive to my discourse, for two hours—showing what the free States had to do with slavery, and what they could do, and their obligations



INDIFFERENCE TO ANTI-SLAVERY.

This is the crying sin of the North—the greatest obstacle in the way of emancipation. With the spirit of genuine pro-slavery, it would be comparatively easy to contend; nay, that, in spite of itself, does our work for us, more effectually than we could do it for ourselves—Every movement it makes, is so palpably at variance with our free institutions, and from its nature so prone to recklessness and violence, that it invariably defeats its own intent. But this cold-hearted indifference is our worst antagonist.

Every week, thousands of innocent babes are born into perpetual slavery; every week, thousands upon thousands groan and shriek under the torturing lash; every week, thousands upon thousands are the forced victims of brutal licentiousness; every week, thousands of mothers are torn from their little ones, stupefied or frantic, with agony of heart; every week, thousands of lone wanderers are flying from oppression, no longer to be endured—stealthily threading their midnight way through swamps, and forests—hiding from daylight, in dens and caves of the earth—startled at every sound—their uneasy slumbers disturbed by dreams of rifles, and blood-hounds; and worse than all the rest, every week, more or less of those wretched fugitives arrive, toil-worn, and sad, to what they have fondly deemed the free States, and find themselves seized and hauled back into slavery, to suffer added cruelty, for the perils they have passed.

And while all this is going on, we are dancing in our saloons, or reclining on spring-sofas, by our comfortable fires, worse than thoughtless concerning this vast amount of misery and crime. I say worse than thoughtless; because whosoever does not exert their moral influence against slavery is, in fact, helping to sustain it. The courteous and wealthy slaveholder comes to your house, and dizzled by his agreeable qualities, you make no allusion to the grievous wrongs he is continually inflicting.—The cotton merchant apologizes for slavery in your presence, and you stifle the spontaneous convictions of your own heart, because you fear to displease him. If you did your duty, in Christian freedom, he would fear you; and thus, while you exerted a righteous influence, you would likewise have checked the exertion of an evil one. The slaveholder went away strengthened in wrong by your silence; and thus while you sinned against your own soul, you became the cause of sin in others. There is nothing stands alone in God's universe. There is no such thing as an insulated fact. Every word you speak, and every word you fail to speak, has an agency in bringing about the great result of social good or evil.

Nothing is more noteworthy than the weakness of evil. It always seeks to sustain itself by the approval, or suffrage of the good; and without such approval or suffrage, it inevitably dies. In this conscious weakness lies the secret of all hypocrisy. Wickedness and falsehood dare not show their true colors, because they cannot find place in society for a single hour, without the sympathy or toleration of the good.

And this thing, so weak and disastrous that it dare not appear unmasked before righteousness, but must needs cringe, and creep in disguise—of this despotic and powerless thing, righteousness is itself afraid!

"What is it," says Godwin, "that enables a thousand errors to keep their station in the world? It is cowardice. Because while vice walls erect with an unabashed countenance, men less vicious dare not paint her with that truth of coloring, which should at once confirm the innocent and reform the guilty. Because the majority of those who are not involved in the busy scene, see that things are not altogether right, yet see in so frigid a way, and with so imperfect a view. If every man to-day, would tell all the truth he knows, three years hence there would scarcely be falsehood of any magnitude remaining in the civilized world."

Nothing is more injurious, or more unreasonable, than the general passive subservience to public opinion!—Assuredly, you and I have had our share of it; and ever must have a share, do as we may. Are you afraid of your neighbor? Depend upon it, your neighbor is likewise afraid of you; and whichever of you dares to be most free and truthful gains the greater ascendancy over the other. Yea, one man, with a strong will and a sincere purpose, may change the entire current of public opinion, during his own life-time. But he that would be its master must never consent to be its servant.—"Why judge ye not for your own selves that which is right?"

Coleridge defines public opinion as "the average prejudices of the community." We unto those who have no safe guide of principle and practice than this "average of prejudices." We unto them in an especial manner, in these latter days, when "The windows of Heaven are opened, and therefore the foundations of the earth do shake."

Foolish wanderers are they, following a flickering Jack-o'-lantern, when there is a calm, bright pole-star forever above the horizon, to guide their steps, if they should look to it.

As a component portion of this much-dreaded public opinion, what are you doing on the subject of slavery? I do not dictate what you shall do; but with a sober and somewhat indulgent earnestness, I ask whether you are doing anything for its overthrow? If you have been silent, you have been guilty. Have you laid the flatteringunction to your soul, that public opinion is all right in this section of the country? Then have you fallen into a most egregious error. The sympathy of the free States is largely, almost entirely given to the masters.—Nobody feels enough for the slave. The most zealous of the abolitionists are dull and cold, compared with what they would be, if their own husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, were in bondage. Yet the liberal soul should go beyond the narrow bounds of families, and sects, and clans, and nations, and acknowledge brotherhood with every human soul. If my brother lies trampled in the dust, God forbid that I should be unwilling to share the dust with him, till power, and pride and prejudice, lift their feet from his neck, and suffer him to stand erect, and walk unshackled, side by side with me, till we reach our Father's mansion.

You call this zeal; yet do I feel that my heart is cold in this matter, and needs continual urging. And if it be thus with me, how is it with the multitude, who quiet their consciences by saying that public sentiment is all right at the North? If it were really so, slavery could not stand before it two years! If public opinion were really sound in this matter, a gentlemanly, liberal slaveholder would be regarded and treated like a gentlemanly, liberal horse-thief; or like a very urbane and polished individual, who cheats his workmen out of their wages, and spends the money in choice wines for the hospital entertainment of his friends. Nay, the slaveholder

is *blasted* by these comparisons; for horses are not men—and the free laborer must blame his own carelessness, if he cannot find legal protection from habitual robbery. The slaveholder commits the theft, and by a system of continual force, which he calls law, takes away the power of redress. And we at the North are his pledged accomplices. And you, and I, so far as we seek to palliate his conduct, or shrink from revealing its utter baseness, are partners in the gigantic fraud.

Strong language, you call this? But assuredly it is not us strong as any of us would use, if our own children were the victims—if the laws sanctioned the brutal outrage—and if all our neighbors conjured us to speak in very gentle terms of the aggressor, because public opinion was all right in the abstract.—L. M. C.

CONSTITUTION OF RHODE ISLAND.

We are watching the progress of things in this gallant little State, with feelings of unusual interest. A call for the people to assemble in Convention, has been before the public some eight or nine months past. The Committee which issued that call, voted—

"That every American male citizen, twenty-one years of age and upwards, who has resided in this State one year, preceding the election of Delegates, shall vote for Delegates to the Convention, called by the State Committee to be held at the State-House in Providence, on the first Monday in October next."

At the late Suffrage Convention, a debate arose concerning the insertion of the word *white* before "male citizen;" and the amendment was passed, by a vote of 18 to 18. We give the debate on our first page. No wonder those in favor of this shameful amendment were shy of giving reasons. No wonder they felt obliged to resort to that old scape-goat of Satan, *expediency*. The people had been called together to form a Constitution, because a large portion were "unfranchised" by the present mode of government; and they were called together as the "friends of justice, of humanity, of liberty, of equal rights, of well-regulated constitutional government!"

Yet at the very outset, they are attempting to dislodge a class of citizens, merely on account of complexion! We had hoped better things of the land of Roger Williams; and we still hope better things of her citizens at large. The Englishman was an intelligent, well-informed young man, who, being unable to marry the object of his choice, with any chance of comfortable support in his own country, had come to prepare a home for his beloved in the Eldorado of the West. A neglected cold brought on lung fever, which left him in a rapid decline; but still, full of hope, he was pushing on for the township where he had planned for himself a domestic paradise. He was now among strangers, and felt that death was near. The Swiss emigrants treated him with that thoughtful, zealous tenderness, which springs from genial hearts deeply imbued with the religious sentiment. One wish of his soul they could not gratify, by reason of ignorance. Being too weak to hold a pen, he earnestly desired to dictate to some one else a letter to his mother and his brother. This, Captain T. readily consented to do; and promised, so far as in his lay, to carry into effect any arrangements he might wish to make.

Soon after this melancholy load was fulfilled, the young sufferer departed. When the steamboat arrived at its final destination, the kind-hearted Captain T. made the best arrangements he could for a decent burial. There was no chaplain on board; and, unused as he was to the performance of religious ceremonies, he himself read the funeral service from a book of Common Prayer, found in the young stranger's trunk. The body was tenderly placed on a board, and carried out, face upwards, into the silent solitude of the primeval forest. The sun, verging to the west, cast oblique glances through the foliage, and played on the sleeping countenance in flickering light and shadow. Even the most dissipated of the emigrants were sobered by a scene so touching and so solemn, and all followed reverently in procession. Having dug the grave, they laid him carefully within, and replaced the sods above him; then, sadly and thoughtfully, they returned slowly to the boat.

They complain of inequality! They make an outcry against oppression! while they deliberately dislodge a class of citizens guiltless of crime! This is, indeed, a precious comedy. Well may those who are opposed to a Constitution for Rhode Island jeer at them as follows: We quote from a mock address issued in Providence, by one who signs himself "Town Born."

"But we change the scene. Sad and slow, crept by nature for their mournful fate, in long procession pass before us our colored brethren; and yet even to you we have a word to say. Yet we speak not *you* as to other men. Policy and the people will not permit it. Divided from us at your birth, you must be separated from us even in the great change we propose. We cannot put the question of your admission to vote in the same instrument, or speak it in the same breath as we put and speak of the rights of your lighter colored fellow-men. You must sit in *The gallery* here, as in our meeting-houses and theatres. You may ride along in the same train of revolution with us, if you please, but alas! it must be in the James Crow car!! We had hoped better things; but we cannot, we dare not *darken* our cause by commanding you too much with ourselves. We must not peril the rights of man, by classing with them the rights of the colored man. We must not avoid at this time, that all men are created free and equal; but we are obliged to restrict this unmeaning generality, and act as if all white men only were created free and equal. Our Constitution must not be sullied by bearing upon it freedom to you along with freedom to us; but you may yet have your chance. *Alone* and *wretched*, at some future time, you may run the gauntlet of the people, with none to comfort or support or aid you; and if, when you have passed through this ordeal, you find yourselves fayed alive, recollect that we gave you the chance of getting off that of unhappy skin which alone distinguishes you from us. Remember that our *Constitution* is of easy amendment. We may help you hereafter—perhaps—Wait for us, and if you can find time, in the mean while—upon us."

The Suffrage Convention stands adjourned to the third Tuesday of November.

THE SPECIAL MEETING POSTPONED.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society, Monday, October 16th, the following preamble and resolution were unanimously adopted, and ordered to be published.

"Whereas, it appears from a more general expression of opinion, that entire unanimity does not exist with regard to the proposed special meeting at Philadelphia, in December;—and that the lateness of the hour at which the call was issued will prove unfavorable to a full representation from distant parts of the country—

Therefore, resolved, That the notice for said meeting be withdrawn."

and hung himself over the chair; or like his twin-brother, who laid his candle on the pillow, and blew himself out.

You will, at least, my dear friend, give these letters the credit of being utterly unpremeditated; for filibustering himself never moved with more unexpected and incoherent variety. I have wandered almost as far from my starting point, as *Saturn's* ring is from *Mercury*; but I will return to the varieties in New-York. Among them, I often meet a tall Scotman, with sandy hair and high cheek-bones—a regular *Sawny*, with tartan plaid and bag-pipe. And where do you guess he most frequently plies his poetic trade? Why, in the slaughter-houses! Of which a hundred or more sent their polluted breath into the atmosphere of this swarming city hive! There, if you are curious to witness incongruities, you may almost any day see grunting pigs or bleating lambs, with throats cut to the bone of *Highland Mary*, or *Bonny Doon*, or *Lochaber* no more.

Among those who have flitted across my path, in this thoroughfare of nations, few have interested me more strongly than an old sea-captain, who needed only Sir Walter's education, his wild excursions through solitary dells and rugged mountain-passes, and his familiarity with legendary lore, to make him, too, a poet and a romance.

Untutored as he was, a rough son of the ocean, he had combined in his character the rarest elements of fun and pathos; side by side, they glanced through his conversation, in a manner almost *Shakspearian*. They shone, likewise, in his weather-beaten countenance; and they might well desire one more powerful in argument.

As was to be expected, it seems to have given lively pleasure to the Colonizationists, and the American Repository has published an article commanding it to its readers—*Penn. Freeman*.

to the Havana. Another slaver, whose name we have not learned, sailed a few weeks since, with about THREE HUNDRED slaves from the same neighborhood.—*Liberia Herald*.

THORNTON ON SLAVERY.—This is a book of 345 pages, published by Wm. M. Morrison, of Washington city, and written by Rev. T. C. Thornton, President of the Centenary College, Clinton, Mississippi." The author is, we understand, a member of the Methodist Church of N. Fiskville, R. I. paid \$1 each, viz: Hardin Fisk, Dr. Daniel Baker, Francis Briggs, C. F. Rea—Robert Armstrong, Coventry, R. I. \$2. The following persons, of West Killingly, Ct. have paid \$1 each, viz: Lucy A. Tracy, Joel Davison, Silas Clapp, Abel Segur, F. James, N. Parkhurst, B. Segur. The following persons, of East Killingly, Ct. have paid \$1 each, viz: John B. Truesdell, Erastus Boyden, Thomas Montgomery, Joseph Essex, Albert Brown, Stephen Oatley, and Norris G. Lipitt; W. H. Hunt, Montville, Me. \$2; Miriam Hussey, Portland, Me. \$2; Sophia S. McFarland, Framingham, Mass. \$2; Sarah F. Rice, Framingham, Mass. \$1; Prude Anna Huestis, Framingham, Mass. \$1; Dr. Jarvis Lewis, Waitham, Mass. \$5 50; Elizabeth Wheelwright, Newburyport, Mass. \$2; Benjamin Merrill, Georgetown, Mass. \$1; Thomas M. Hayes, Haverhill, Mass. \$1; D. B. Gerrish, Concord, Mass. \$2; Abby Treadwell, Concord, Mass. \$1; Cyrus Pierce, Lexington, Mass. \$2; Charles Tidd, Lancaster, Mass. \$2; Francis Wyman, Lexington, Mass. \$2; John A. Wilbur, Rust, New York, \$2; Jacob Alrich, Wilmington, Del. \$2; William P. Powell, City of New York, \$7; Mary B. Swayne, Millwood, Guernsey county, Ohio, \$2; Lydia Gillingsham, Philadelphia, \$2; Mary Richards, Wilmington, Del. \$2; Abby Kelly, for the following persons, East Greenwich, R. I. viz: Albert Sanford, Margaret Rathbone, J. C. Sandford, George S. Scoble, Sylvester S. Briggs, Lydia P. Brown, Robert Sherman, Henry C. Wightman, Benjamin T. Clark, Harriet Gardner, A. P. Northrop, and J. C. Reynolds, \$17; Pollard G. Brown, Dighton, Mass. \$2.—The following persons of East Greenwich, R. I. have paid \$1 41, each: Louis Casey, Emma Fry, William G. Weaver, Catherine Cornell, Charles C. Elbridge, John Brown, Esse Peter, James Richardson, Arnold Weaver, Ruth G. Howland; and the following \$1 40; Gibbs Earle, William Bateman, William Cornell, Simeon Weaver, Jeremiah S. Slocum—and Ebenezer Slocum. The following persons, of Apponag, R. I. have paid \$1 43, each, viz: Augustus G. Miller, Rufus Green, Catharine Westcott, Junia S. Mowry, Albert D. Green, Mary Warner—William D. Brayton, \$1 42; Abby Kelly; Lois Shove, Dighton, Mass. \$2—\$192.09.

"QUAKERS AND ABOLITIONISM.—The many and deformed course of the southern press on the subject of abolition is sensibly felt at the North. The Quakers of Philadelphia have recently ejected many of their members—and solely on the charge of abolitionism. The merchants in all religious societies of the free States are warmly in favor of similar measures, and we expect that this example will have an excellent effect."

There is a mixture of truth and error in the above extract from the *Natchitoches (Louisiana) Herald*. The course of the southern press is "determined," but not "manly," and it is "sensibly felt at the North." The Quakers of Philadelphia have not "ejected" many (or any) of their members, and the Quakers of New-York city have ejected two of their number on that ground, though under another pretext. Even they were ashamed or afraid to take such ground openly. There are some "merchants in all religious societies of the free States, who are warmly in favor" of ejecting abolitionism in every form, from the church pale—but there are many in most of the northern churches who would eject *pro-slavery* in all its forms; but the Quakers of New-York city have ejected two of their number on that ground, though under another pretext. Even they were ashamed or afraid to take such ground openly. There are some "merchants in all religious societies of the free States, who are warmly in favor" of ejecting abolitionism in every form, from the church pale—but there are many in most of the northern churches who would eject *pro-slavery* in all its forms; but the Quakers of New-York city have ejected two of their number on that ground, though under another pretext.

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Poetry.

From the Boston Notion.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF LUCY HOOPER,

Who died in Brooklyn, L. I. on the 1st of 8th mo. aged 24 years.

By J. G. WHITTIER.

This lamented and much-gifted young lady was a sincere friend to the anti-slavery cause, which she occasionally aided by her poetical contributions.

They tell me, Lucy, thou art dead—

That all of these we loved and cherished;

Has with thy summer roses perished;

And left, as its young beauty fled,

An ashen memory in its stead!—

Cold twilight of a parted day.

That true and loving heart—that gift

Of a mind, earnest, clear, profound,

Bestowing with a glad thrill,

Its sunny light on all around,

Affinities which only could

Cleave to the beautiful and good;

And sympathies which found no rest,

Save with the beautiful and the best.

Of them—of thee remains thereaught

But sorrow in the mourner's breast?—

A shadow in the land of thought?

No!—Even my weak and trembling faith

Can lift for thee the veil which doubt

And human fear have drawn about

The all-awating scene of death.

Even as thou wast I see thee still;

And, save the absent of an ill,

And pain and weariness, which here

Summoned the sigh or wring the tear,

The same as when, two summers back,

Beside our childhood's Merrimack,

I saw thy dark eye wander o'er

Stream, sunny upland, rocky shore,

And heard thy low, soft voice alone

'Midst lapes of waters, and the tone

Of sere leaves by the west-wind blown,

There's not a charm of soul or braw—

Of all we knew and loved in thee—

But lives in holier beauty now,

Baptized in immortality!

Not mine the sad and freezing dream

Of souls that, with their earthly mould,

Cast of the loves and joys of old—

Unbodied—like a pale moonbeam,

As pure, as passionless, and cold;

Nor mine the hope of Indra's son,

Of slumbering in oblivion's rest,

Life's myriads blending into one—

In blank annihilation blest;

Dust-atoms, of the Infinite—

Sparks scattered from the central light,

And winning back through mortal pain,

Their old unconsciousness again.

No!—I have friends in Spirit Land—

Not shadows in a shadowy band,

Not others, but themselves are they.

And still I think of them the same

As when the Master's summons came;

Their change—the holy morn-light breaking

Upon the dream-worn sleeper, waking—

A change from twilight into day.

They've laid thee 'midst the household graves,

Where father, brother, sister lie;

Below thee sweep the dark blue waves,

Above thee bends the summer sky.

They own loved church in sadness read

Her solemn ritual o'er thy head,

And blessed and hallowed with her prayer,

The turf laid lightly o'er the there.

That church, whose rites and liturgy,

Sublime and old, were truth to thee,

Undoubted, to thy bosom taken

As symbols of a faith unshaken.

Even I, of simpler views, could feel

The beauty of the trust and zeal;

And owing not thy creed, could see

How life-like it must seem to thee,

And how thy fervent heart had thrown

O'er all, a coloring of its own,

And kindled up, intense and warm,

As, when on Chebar's banks of old,

The Hebrew's gorgeous vision rolled,

A spirit filled the vast machine—

A life "within the wheels" was seen.

Farewell! A little time, and we

Who knew thee well, and loved thee here,

One after another shall follow thee

As pilgrims through the gate of fear,

Which opens on eternity.

Yet shall we cherish not the less

All that is left our hearts meanwhile;

The memory of thy loveliness

Shall round our weary pathway smile,

Like moonlight when the sun has set—

A sweet and tender radiance yet.

Thoughts of thy clear-eyed sense of duty,

The generous scorn of all things wrong—

The truth, the strength, the graceful beauty

Which blended in thy song.

All lovely things by thee beloved,

Shall whisper to our hearts of thee;

These green hills, where thy childhood roved—

You river winding to the sea—

The sunset light of autumn eyes

Reflecting on the deep, still floods,

Cloud, crimson sky, and trembling leaves

Of rainbow-tinted woods,—

These, in our view, shall henceforth take

A tender meaning for thy sake;

And all thou lovest of earth and sky,

Seen sacred to thy memory.

Amesbury, 12th, 8th mo. 1841.

LOVE TO MAN.

Abou Ben Adhem, may his tribe increase,

Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,

And saw within the moonlight in his room,

Making it rich, like a lily in bloom,

An angel writing in a book of gold.

Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold—

And to the Presence in the room he said,

"What witnessest thou?" The vision raised its head,

And with a look made all of sweet accord,

Answered, "The names of those that love the Lord."

"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"

Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,

But cheerly still, and said, "I pray thee, then,

Write me one that loves his fellow man."

The angel wrote and vanished.—The next night

He came again, with a great wakening light,

And showed the names whom love of God had blessed;

And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

Leigh Hunt.

Miscellany.

JONATHAN JEFFERSON WHITLAW,
OR
LIFE IN THE SOUTH-WEST.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

It will be necessary that I should again lose sight of my hero for a short time, that the reader may be enabled to understand the position of those whom accident had made of importance to his future destiny.

After quitting the mansion of Frederic Steinmark, Juno lost no time in letting Colonel Dart understand that it was necessary he should forthwith, for his own especial well-being and safety, despatch a civil epistle to the German proprietor of Reichland, assuring him that if he stood in need of an excellent gardener, the best thing he could do would be to purchase a slave, known by the name of Caesar Bush, from the factory of Mr. Oglevie, near New Orleans.

Colonel Dart had done so many things of greater importance at the bidding of Juno, that it was not likely she should find much trouble in obtaining his compliance with this new behest; nor in fact did she, though the little gentleman did look rather more given to the minds of others.

The old woman reached her hut, weary and exhausted; but the sight of Caesar's ecstasy at her probable success, as she sat beside the grave-like apartment he occupied, and recounted all she had done, and all she hoped to do, as a restorative; and before she slept, contrived to make the nervous Colonel Dart despatch a letter by the post, to Oglevie, the paper-factory, Ciceroville, requesting him, for very particular reasons, to accept the sum of one thousand dollars for Caesar Bush, which a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Paradise Plantation intended to offer.

The prudent Colonel ended his letter, even without the help of Juno, by remarking that he was too well known a disciplinarian for Mr. Oglevie to suspect that he meant to encourage a runaway, but that circumstances made it very desirable that Mr. Steinmark should be obliged in this matter.

Having thus well completed her day's work, Juno repaired to Peggy's hut, and received the reward of her benevolent labours from witnessing the joy her husband experienced.

Juno pronounced this harangue in an accent of such assured authority, that the colonel never for an instant conceived the possibility of refusing to do what she desired; and the letter was accordingly written in very precise conformity to her instructions and forthwith delivered into her hands.

Furnished with this document, she sought and found Edward Bligh, who had suffered much in mind since the dangerous hours passed in Karl Steinmark's strawberry-field. Though the gossip so confidently repeated at Mt. Eina, respecting the marriage of Lotte with the young baron, was certainly premature, there was already enough of love between them to "show the eyes and grieve the heart" of poor Edward, and to convince him, with dreadful torturing certainty, that woman's love, that drop of redeeming sweetness, that seems thrown by Providence into the bitter cup of human life, to render it bearable to those doomed to quaff it, would never be distilled into his.

Two subsequent visits, made with trembling hope and sickening fear, had fully convinced him of this; but with the gentle resignation and high courage of his noble nature, he saw in it only a new proof that it was Heaven's will he should not bind his affections to any thing on earth, but hold himself prepared to sacrifice a life, perhaps mercifully made of little value, whenever the duty to which he had devoted himself should demand his doing so.

Poor Edward!—if the enthusiasm which a worldly scoffer would have called his hobby-horse, did indeed lead him astray to a degree that indicated a mind diseased, it was a malady which like the redundant blossom often seen to burst the calyx that should retain it, manifested a richness and perfection only too powerful for nature to sustain.

When Juno reached his forest-home, she found him sitting with his Bible open on his little table; but his eye at that moment was not perusing the page spread out before him, but rested, as it were, on the sable leaves by the west-wind blown, There's not a charm of soul or braw—

Of all we knew and loved in thee—

But lives in holier beauty now,

Baptized in immortality!

Not mine the sad and freezing dream

Of souls that, with their earthly mould,

Cast of the loves and joys of old—

Unbodied—like a pale moonbeam,

As pure, as passionless, and cold;

Nor mine the hope of Indra's son,

Of slumbering in oblivion's rest,

Life's myriads blending into one—

In blank annihilation blest;

Dust-atoms, of the Infinite—

Sparks scattered from the central light,

And winning back through mortal pain,

we have got to deal with, except by tricks and seeming mystery?—Do you think, young gentleman, that if I were to go to Colonel Dart, or to Mr. Oglevie, and tell them the truth and no more, that all the dollars the good German had honestly won from our rich soil would induce either of them to resign Caesar to his keeping?—Ah, master Edward, you know them better than to believe it."

"You are right, you are right; and perhaps I have been unjust to you, Juno," replied Edward, kindly, and feeling, indeed, that she spoke the truth: "I will take this letter to Mr. Steinmark, and will trust to your use such means as you have to make his interference effectual.—Farewell."

Juno watched him depart towards Reichland, rejoicing that she had found words to lead him to perform her will, which she certainly knew was a very honest one, in this instance at least; but spite of the gladness and even the triumph that cheered her, a fear dimmed her eye as she looked after him.

"Too good for earth—too fit for heaven to bid long with us," she murmured, as she turned her steps homewards; and she pondered upon his probable destiny, till she herself almost doubted whether the dark future that seemed to open before her eyes was simply the effect of conjecture, or of a revealing of that which was to come, such as was given to the minds of others.

The old woman reached her hut, weary and exhausted; but the state and wealth which seemed to reign there, shook her confidence, and the poor old woman lived in alternate paroxysms of hope and fear, till the terrible moment which brought home to her heart the conviction that she could, perhaps, exercise a power that might blight the happiness of her descendant for ever, but that never, could she hope either to give or receive the dear joy that affection alone can bestow, by claiming kindred with her.

Had such a scene as that described between Juno and the fair Selina, taken place some twenty years before, it is probable that it would have driven the old woman into raving madness; but strong as her feelings still were, they were tame and tranquil, compared to what they had been—though her heart was wrung with a degree of anguish not easy to describe, her intellect stood the shock without her manifesting any symptoms of her former malady.

She shut herself up in her lonely garret, and for some days, only left it for the purpose of taking necessary food. At length her mind was made up, as to the line of conduct which she should pursue, and she sought the assistance of Pebe home, who had placed herself on the ground to prepare her funeral wreath; for at one point the floor was strewn with fragments of leaves and stems, and close beside her stood her toilet-stool, covered with the relics of the beautiful gleanings which she had gathered with her own hands, and borne in her bosom to her chamber.

With her habitual acuteness, nothing blunted by her habitual acuteness, nothing blunted by the sorrow at her heart, Juno pondered on all she saw, till every scene and act of the tragedy became intelligible to her. Then did she sadly turn again to the light, and once more peruse the letter of Selina.

There is ever a strong propensity in the human mind to exonerate the conscience from its share of whatever suffering weighs upon the spirits, by laying the guilt that produced it on another. Juno's first pang, as she gazed on the dead Selina, was that of self-reproach. It was her thoughtless and selfish pride that had brought sorrow